

# POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 52.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

## Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.  
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.  
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.  
Deputy Sheriff, R. K. Burns.  
Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown.  
Clerk Circuit Court, J. M. Patterson.  
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.  
Commissioners Co. Court, C. E. Beard,  
G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.  
County Surveyor, George Baxter.  
Coroner, George P. Moore.  
County Board of Health, Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McClintic, M. J. McNeel,  
J. C. Arbogast.  
Justices, A. C. L. Gatewood, Split  
Rock; Charles Cook, Edray; W. H.  
Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown,  
Dunmore; G. E. Curry, Academy;  
Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

## THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October. County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

## LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,  
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC  
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.,  
LAWYER,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,  
DENTIST,  
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,  
RESIDENT DENTIST,  
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

## Public Sale, Personal Property.

I will offer at public sale, for cash, on July 20, 1895, at my home two miles from Huntersville on Beaver Creek my Household and Kitchen Furniture, one Single Baggy and Harness, ten Peeling Axes, four Chopping Axes, two Sledges, two Cross Cut Saws.  
GUS KRITZER,  
Hinton, W. Va.

## THE NEW WOMAN.

### A Pocahontas Girl Talks on the Subject.

Writers of every degree are working themselves into high fevers over the new woman, declaring that she is not the majestic joke the comic newspapers have made us smile over day after day for five years, but a powerful, wicked being, bringing to the mind of the old man and old woman visions of battle, murder, and sudden death.

One venerable ecclesiastic writer as well absorbed in keeping together the traditions of his grandmother, says "that this creature, the new woman, is the great national calamity, well-earned punishment for many sins, and threatens destruction to the moral foundations of society." Good gracious, to think of all that now! Such overdrawn declamation as this fills the newspapers, they having formed in a committee of ways and means to get the new woman considerably talked about, and, as the stump orator would say, the mean ways of some of them make the new woman, when she reads such uncomplicated things as I have quoted, become exceedingly wroth and say "What utter rot!" They tell us this is the form of speech we may expect from women in the future, given with mannish directness and force.

All this would be very serious if the new woman wasn't entirely a creature of man's brain, having no definite shape outside of it. She is a subject on which, if we aren't careful, may exhaust his imagination, and that this has been done sometimes is evident when one sees the immense amount of nonsense written about her. Despite every thing that is said, and will be said, about her, save the mark, she remains about what she always has been, the same old woman who sinned in the Garden of Eden, and who ate the apple, to her everlasting grief.

Granting that the new woman does exist, she is not as new as she looks. Had Joan D' Arc ridden a safety around to her battles, instead of a powerful charger cross-ways, she would have excited men to mutiny and rage as a new woman. As it is she comes howling down the ages as an inspired being. Her mournful fate kept the new women from increasing too rapidly, for the newest of them dislike the idea of being made a bonfire of. Where she has been all the years since that bloody scene in the streets of Rouen, nobody knows. She may have been learning to tie a four-in-hand, and when she accomplished it to her satisfaction and began to wear one, she looked like another woman, and people called her a new woman. When such writers as the venerable ecclesiastic, Bishop Doane, to whom we feel like saying what are you doing, and please don't lift up their voices in warning against the dangers and delusions and untold horrors of the new woman horde, a great weariness comes over me. Such an extravagantly unjust, overdone declamation, as the one I quoted, ruins itself and requires no consideration.

If the new woman ever does become as powerful for good or bad as some are afraid she will, let us hope to get on the good side of her, and if we can't, we'll get the "old women," our wives, and sisters, and sweet-hearts, to "turn the rascals out!" and "to the victor will belong the spoils," (i. e.) the bicycles, etc.

S. A. P.

AN old danger from firearms in a novel guise seems to be upon us. A few days since two gentlemen were walking the pavement in the city of Wheeling. Suddenly one placed his hand to his side and exclaimed, "Something hurts me here!" He was caught in the act of falling and carried into the nearest room, and upon examination it was found he had died of a gunshot wound. It was supposed to be a stray ball from a long-range gun, fired too far away for the report to attract notice. On Friday night, July 12, while a Mrs. White, who lived a mile east of Montgomery, in West Virginia, was clearing the supper table, she fell suddenly to the floor and expired instantly. Upon careful examination a Winchester 44-calibre ball was found in her head, having gone clear through and lodged. Whoever fired the shot was so far away no report was heard. The writer of this while near his residence a year or two since, had a ball to come near him from the direction of the bridge. The matter deserves some attention, and sportsmen be requested to handle their guns more carefully or be compelled to relinquish their use for mere sport.

## The Phonograph—First Impressions.

If the first impressions caused by hearing this wonderful instrument can be given it is sure to make matter worth reading. The phonograph in question was one that was carried about this county, making one of those shows generally so abominable. For instance, a village is deluged with hand-bills for a few days before hand stating that on a certain date an Edison's "phonograph" (independent spelling) would be in town, and that fifteen cents would be required to hear the reproduction of the various interesting things that had been told the phonograph at some previous time.

The appointed time came of course, and this was no show at which the eminent person is fain to hide his head. Every body was out, and most of them to hear it for the first time. The assembling was much after the style of the magic-lantern exhibition. The troupe took the money at the door and the beginning was delayed by two impecunious sight-seers who wished to come in two for a quarter. The audience once in, the operator made a short address as to the merits of the machine, which, not being long, was not greatly attended. The phonograph itself was on the music-box style, and the appearance of a well-defined crank was not reassuring. The sound of the instrument is transmitted through a funnel-shaped apparatus, and thus every one in the room can hear what it has to say.

Mr. Operator gets tired of the sound of his own voice, and takes up a piece of porcelain-looking stuff, a cylinder about two inches in diameter. This is slipped into the machine, and finally the screw is turned, and the audience, which is quiet enough by this time, hears a sound not unlike the blowing of the winds or the rush of many waters. Out of this comes a wee voice crying "They are the Best Friends of All," as sung for the Ohio Phonograph Company by Dan W. Buinn!" The piano accompaniment is then heard, and finally Mr. Buinn commences the words of this pretty song. There is no getting around the strange feeling it gives a novice to hear the machine talking away. The voice is real in all its unreality. To describe what it is like to those who have not heard it is perhaps impossible. It is something like hearing a man who is away across a broad stretch of water, or who is at some great depth, or who is talking in a hat.

If you can imagine a man about four inches high, with a metallic voice, talking through his nose, you will perhaps get the best idea of what it is like to hear the phonograph, when it is transmitted to a roomful of people. Of course if you take the sound direct from the machine it is loud and different from the faraway tones of the former.

Dr. Talmage read the 22d Psalm to this instrument and it was clearly reproduced in his tones the other night. Every little trick and peculiarity of the reading was given. A roll had been placed in the cell of John McCullough, the great actor, who was then a lunatic. The blood-curdling laugh, the raving, the snatches of plays, and the consumptive cough came forth from the cavernous depths of that wonderful funnel.

The ear grew tired listening to many pieces. There was no help for it. One had to listen with all his might. Fixing an eye on the machine was no benefit. There was no movement of lips to aid the

hearer to judge what was being said.

To give local interest to the entertainment several rolls were used by singers from the audience, and they were afterwards reproduced in a manner that was not to be mistaken.

Take it all in all you have admit that Mr. Edison did something when he discovered how to bottle up sound and use it at his will.

## A Confederate's Stratagem.

During the civil war the Confederate government could not undertake to supply all its cavalymen with horses. If, indeed, it so supplied any of them. They had to furnish their own mounts; and if a soldier lost his horse and could not replace it he was compelled to take his gun and go into the ranks of the infantry. To be dismounted and become an infantryman was a very unpleasant thing for many reasons and the cavalymen were often forced to desperate measure to avoid it.

The Washington Post tells a story of a Confederate cavalryman whose horse had been killed in the autumn of 1863 in a skirmish near Warrenton. He put his wits to work to devise a way in which to capture one from the enemy.

He was with the outside pickets and not far away on the road where the federal cavalry pickets. He procured from the railroad a long piece of telegraph wire and when twilight came stretched it firmly across the road, fastening one end to the fence and the other to a tree, just high enough to let the horse's head go beneath, but not high enough to let a mounted cavalryman go beneath it.

Then he sneaked down the pike and came in view of the union mounted pickets. Three of them saw him and quickly gave chase. He ran for his life. It was a sharp pursuit, so that the Confederate had hardly passed beneath his wire before the three union cavalymen were upon it. In the gathering darkness they saw nothing of the wire and rode upon it at full speed.

Two of the pursuers rolled upon the earth, the breath quite knocked out of them, though, as the result showed, they were not dangerously hurt. The third, by some fortunate accident, escaped the wire; but he was so astonished and possibly frightened, thinking himself in some sort of ambush that he turned and rode back to camp. Meantime the two riderless horses bore down on the confederate. He watched his chance and captured first one and then the other and rode off in triumph to his own camp, the possessor of two excellent horses.

As he was passing out of sight he saw the two union pickets gathering themselves up in the gloom and start, terribly crestfallen, after their retreating comrade.

It is thus that war makes a hero out of a horse thief.

## The Eye of the Needle.

Elias Howe almost beggared himself before he discovered where the eye of the needle of a sewing machine should be located, says the Philadelphia Times. His original idea was to follow the model of the eye at the heel. It never occurred to him that it should be placed near the point, and he might have failed altogether if he had not dreamed he was building a sewing machine for a savage king in a strange country. Just as in his actual waking experience he was rather perplexed about the needle's eye. He thought the king gave him twenty-four hours to complete the machine and make it sew. If not finished in that time death was to be the punishment. Howe worked and worked and puzzled and puzzled and finally gave it up. Then he thought he was taken out to be executed. He noticed that the warriors carried spears that were pierced near the head. Instantly came the solution of the difficulty, and while the inventor was begging for time he awoke. It was 4 o'clock in the morning. He jumped out of bed, ran to his workshop, and by 9 a needle with an eye at the point had been rudely modeled. After that it was easy. This is the true story of an important incident in the invention of the sewing machine.

## The West Virginia Penitentiary.

A correspondent writes to the Kanawha Gazette as follows concerning the West Virginia Penitentiary:

There are twenty-one guards, sixteen on day duty and five on night. These keep watch over five hundred and ninety convicts, thirty-seven of whom are in for life. Of the latter twenty-three are white, and fourteen are black. The oldest male inmate is John Marley, the Ritchie county murderer. He has been in for twenty years, and is right at home. The youngest male convict is George Rice, a Taylor county forger. He was 14 years old when admitted. The youngest woman is Mary Martin, from Ohio country, in for grand larceny at the age of 16 years, and the oldest female "resident" is Jane Oldaker, recently sent up from Putnam county as an accessory to the murder of her husband.

Seventy-nine men are at work in the broom factory, eighty in the net shops, a hundred and thirty in the whip shops, and twenty-five in the tailor shops. The women are nearly all employed in the knitting department.

To feed these 590 prisoners it takes per day 2 1/2 barrels of flour, 270 pounds of meal, 275 pounds of bacon, 500 pounds of beef, three times a week, dinner and supper, 40 pounds of rice and hominy every day, 12 pounds of coffee, 12 gallons of Orleans molasses, 12 bushels potatoes, twice a week, and 210 pounds of beans which are served every meal. The convicts march in regular order and are seated by the tap of a gong at three long tables. Another tap starts them to eating, which operation is allowed to continue 15 minutes. If any one finishes before the time is up, he is required to turn away from the table until the 15 minutes are passed, then they are marched away again.

## Sportsmen.

The Greenbrier Hunting and Fishing Club, of Ronceverte, or rather with headquarters at Ronceverte, has lately been incorporated under the laws of the State of West Virginia. The incorporators are the leading business men of Ronceverte, including John Driscoll, J. M. Kinports, E. H. Camp, Porter Kinports, Capt. Alfred M. Fuller and others, together with several New York and Pennsylvania parties. The club owns sixty thousand acres of land in Pocahontas and Randolph counties, which will make one of the finest game preserves in the country. It abounds in the trout streams, both branches of the Greenbrier passes through it, and many other smaller streams. The land is one vast wilderness, which is filled with game, from deer down to all the smaller varieties. It will be a perfect paradise for sportsmen.

The company proposes to sell stock in the club to be limited to two hundred shares, which will be enough for a successful club. Some shares of stock are still for sale, and information concerning it can be had by addressing John Driscoll, Ronceverte, W. Va.,—Hinton Republican.

## The State University.

Friends of the West Virginia university will be interested to know that Bishop Peterkin, of the diocese of West Virginia, Episcopal church, is fitting up a dormitory building or university home for students at Morgantown and that by the opening of the university year, Sept. 11, he will be ready to accommodate fifteen young men. Rev. James Sheerin and wife will live in the building and have charge of it. Mr. Sheerin will also be rector of the Episcopal church at Morgantown, the present rector, Rev. Mr. Pearson going to Gratton.

The Bishop's university home for students will have all of the comforts and advantages of a refined Christian home. He is greatly interested in the prosperity of the university and thinks that West Virginians make a great mistake if they go out of the State for their education when such superior advantages are offered by their own State university, where tuition is free in all departments, including even the professional schools.